

PICTURE RHYMES

AND TALES

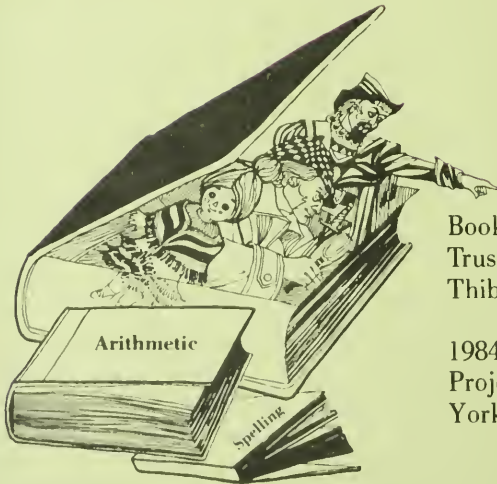
WILLIAM STRANGE



WARNE'S
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PICTURE RHYMES

AND TALES.

BY

MRS. HAWTREY.

WITH

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



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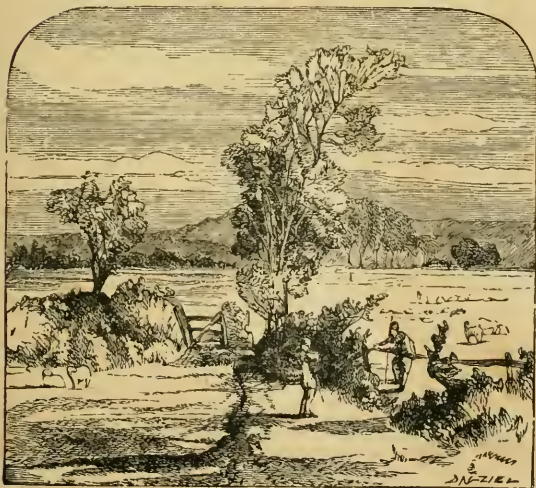
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NELLY'S LETTER.

FLY away fast o'er the hills,
Fly away back through the town,
Over the brooks and the rills,
Over the gorse-covered down.

Stop not for fruit nor for grain,
Droop not your silvery wings,
Though o'er the wide harvest plain
Beauty and plenteousness springs.





NELLY'S LETTER.

Nelly's Letter.

Poor little Nell far away
Longs for a letter from me,
Lying so still all the day
Watching the glistening sea.

Tell her, my pigeon, I long
Once more to see my own Nell,
To know that the sea makes her strong,
To think she'll be soon getting well.





The Rustic Funeral.



THE RUSTIC FUNERAL.

By the slow procession wending
Down the narrow village lane,
Men beneath their dark load bending,
Halting now—now on again ;
By the old and humble pall
Know a village funeral.

Village Songs.

By the watchers in the street
Listening for the measured feet,
Eager all to see the last—
Full of memories of the past ;
Kindly thoughts of him whose knell
Speaks a village funeral.

By the gaping children round
Clustered on each grassy mound,
By the old men standing nigh
Wondering when *their* time to die ;
By the tolling, tolling bell,
Know a village funeral.

See the humble mourner's' pace,
Sad each heart and grave each face ;
Mourning truly for the dead,
Yet with busy thoughts in head ;
For they hold high festival
At the village funeral.

Friends and kinsmen long since parted,
Scarcely thought of during life,
Come from far, all stricken-hearted,
To the orphan and the wife ;
Come the mournful train to swell
Of the village funeral.

The Rustic Funeral.

See the white-robed priest outpouring
Words of comfort and of trust,
While the coffin they are lowering—
Earth to earth and dust to dust.
Then the tolling, tolling bell
Ends the village funeral.





LAND AND SEA.

SWEET is the smell of new-mown hay,
Sweet is the breeze that fans the bay;
And mirthful is the brooklet's sound,
And mirthfully the lambkins bound.



The village church amid the trees,
Safe sheltered from the northern breeze ;
Where joyous children seek the strand
To draw the fishing-boats to land.

No lack of merriment and glee
For children living by the sea,
For there the water and the field
A double source of pastime yield.

Village Songs.

The rounded hills slope gently down,
The steeper heights dark fir-trees crown;
The carter whistles as he goes,
With steady sweep the labourer mows.

How pleasant is the country scene,
The varied tints of brown and green!
And better still when the blue sea
Comes rippling onward to the lea.



The Soup-Kitchen.

THE SOUP-KITCHEN

IN the early Winter morning—
Always coldest just at dawning,
See the smoke ascending high,
Red sparks dancing in the sky,
From the ivy-covered gable
Of the soup-house, once a stable.

There with pleasant rosy faces
Village maidens take their places ;
Busily they work away,
Soup is to be made to-day.
Ring it out from tower and steeple,
Soup-day for the village people !

There the vicar at his station
Looks about with exultation.
Pot and pint and sharp meat-chopper,
Scales are there, and steaming copper,
Bacon, onions, beef, and peas,—
Such soup can never fail to please.

Now all hearts beat high with pleasure—
Take the quart pot, give good measure ;
Fill the pitcher, never fear,
We have plenty and to spare.
Give to all their rightful due,
And a little over, too.

Village Songs.

Thus the vicar said, presiding
O'er the good soup's due dividing.
And Molly Lamb and Martha Plympton,
And all the other folks of Brimpton,
Depart rejoicing to each cottage,
To try the goodness of the pottage.





HAPPY CHILDREN.

HAPPY CHILDREN.

GOLDEN gleams of sunshine

Flicker on the
ground,
Children's' merry
voices
Through the air
resound.



Through the tan-
gled brushwood,
'Neath the leafy
shade,
Where the ripe red
strawberry
Greets them in the
glade.

Happy little children!
Who so blithe as they?
May their careless gladness
Last for many a day



FRUITFUL SEPTEMBER.

Fruitful September.

FRUITFUL SEPTEMBER.

THE orchards spreading o'er the land
Are filled with precious store ;
Bright apples cluster 'mid the leaves,
And daily ripen more.

The fields are full of opening grain,
Shading from gold to brown ;
And hazel-nuts in yonder copse
Hang their rich clusters down.

All day among the wheat and oats
The peasant reaps till night,
And he will be at work again
As soon as it is light.





Out in the fresh and happy morn,
Out in the shining dew,
The women and the little ones
Are in the corn-field too.

Village Songs.

Oh, joyous is the harvest-time ;
The corn in golden sheaves ;
The apples rosy on the grass ;
The many-tinted leaves.

And oh ! what busy idleness
To seek for nuts, to glean,
To gather juicy blackberries
Among the hedges green.

Upon this pleasant Autumn day
When softest south winds blow,
To help to get the harvest in
Right merrily we'll go.

And twining flowers in our hats,
The poppies red and gay ;
With work and play and laughter too
We'll spend our holiday.



The Sick Child.

THE SICK CHILD.

WITHIN the darkened room she sat,
Her wailing baby on her knee ;
And, as she tried to soothe its pain,
The mother's tears fell fast and free.

“O Father, Father, spare my child !
Take not her little life away ;
Oh, let me keep her still with me !
Oh, hear me, hear me as I pray !”

But still the dreadful fever burned,
The little child grew weaker still ;
And when the evening shadows fell,
Death came, with hand outstretched and chill.

How peaceful is the little room,
All filled with golden sunset light,
Which streams, with softened radiance, through
The window closed with curtains white !

And in that room a coffin lies,
A tiny marble form within ;
Its little spirit flown away
Far from this world of woe and sin.



So still and white and cold it lies,
With snowdrops scattered here and there!
The mother stands with brightened eyes,
And smiles to see her child so fair.

Her tears are dry, her look is glad,
There is no anguish on her brow;
Such heavenly thoughts are in her soul,
How can she but feel peaceful now?

The Sick Child.

“Far from all gloom and shade,” she cries,
“She rests within the Saviour’s arms;
No pain can touch my darling now,
No sickness, cold, or wild alarms.

“Could she once more return to me,
I scarce would have her back again.
Why should I mourn and weep? I know
Such sorrowing is all in vain.

“But I shall go—oh, joyful thought!—
And join her on the sunny shore;
And then together we shall be
In endless bliss for evermore!”





The Wheelwright.

THE WHEELWRIGHT.

A LIFE of toiling and moiling,
A life of labour and care,
Thinking and working from early dawn
For the wife and children dear.

He cannot—dare not be idle,
The little ones must be fed ;
To him and to his strong arm they owe
Their home and daily bread.

He works with a will and vigour ;
But the little children play
In the timber-yard and deep sawpit
With their kittens blithe and gay.

Little they wist that on his strong arm
Depends their daily bread ;
Little they know of the heavy toil
To arm, and back, and head.

God speed the honest wheelwright !
He thinks, as he toils all day,
“ No matter to me if the work is hard,
But still let the children play.”



THE BLACKSMITH'S FORGE.

ECHOING loudly everywhere,
Out rings the anvil sharp and clear ;
Bright shine the sparks in the frosty air
From the door of the village smithy.

And there a group of rustics stand—
A rough and unshorn smock-frocked band,
With spades and pitchforks in their hand,
By the door of the village smithy.

For is not the blacksmith well to do ?
Does he not know a thing or two ?
He can read, and write, and cipher too,
As all know round the village smithy.

The Blacksmith's Forge.

Sir Oracle is not more learned than he,
He knows all the secrets of farriery,
Can cure a sick heifer, or pin a rooftree,

From his forge in the
village smithy.



He can talk like a book on
all manner of things,
Can take the bees swarming
in spite of their
stings,
Can fit the pigs' noses with
tight iron rings,
By the art of the village
smithy.

So, as long as smiths' bellows
make furnace fires roar,
And as long as bright sparks
from the hard anvil pour,
So long will good rustics col-
lect round the door
And chat by the village
smithy.

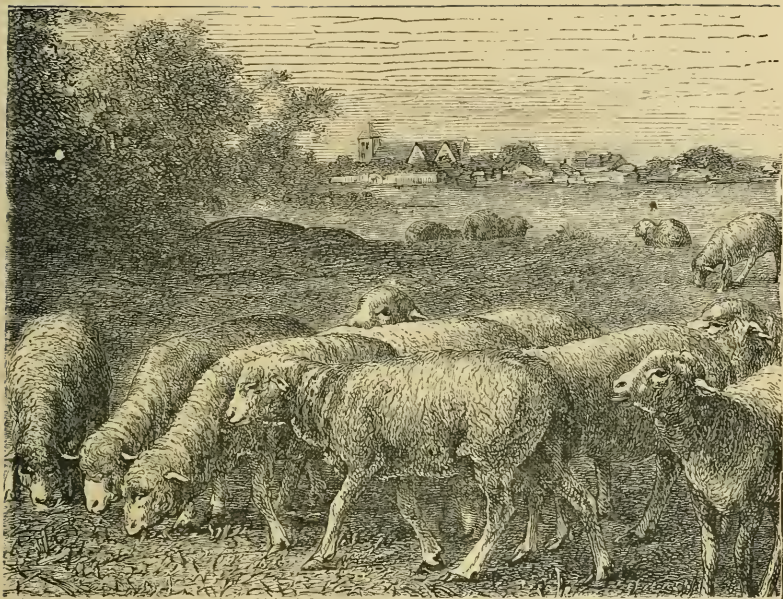
Village Songs.

THE CHILDREN'S WEATHER-GLASS.

THE red dawn overspreads the sky;
The cocks are crowing lustily;
The lark uprises from the fern,
With gleeful song at day's return;
And all a sunny day foretell,
Except the scarlet Pimpernel.

It knows that rain this day will bring,
Though sun may shine and birds may sing,
And closes up its petals fast
Against the damp and rainy blast;
For, oh! it loves the sunshine well—
The knowing scarlet Pimpernel.

And little children love it too,
And love the flower of scarlet hue,
Which hides its head when storms are nigh,
And brightly smiles when they go by;
So coming rain we always tell
By looking at the Pimpernel.



THE SHEPHERD BOY AND THE DANDELION CLOCK.

UNDERNEATH the scented lime
Sits the little village clown,
Telling to himself the time
By his clock of tufted down:
Though it may not tell him true,
It is something he can do,
As he sits beneath the lime,
To beguile the lagging time.



THE SHEPHERD BOY.

The Shepherd Boy and the Dandelion Clock.

Happy shepherd boy!—his sheep
Browse all peacefully around,
Little watch is there to keep
On that pleasant hilly ground:
Scattered here and there, they feed
On the grass and scented weed;
And the boy, in idle play,
Wiles the passing hours away.





Faintly from the distant vale
Comes the sound of church-bells' chime,
Telling villagers the tale
Of the welcome dinner-time ;

The Shepherd Boy and the Dandelion Clock.



But he blows another puff—
That for him is clock enough :
He has but himself to please
When he eats his bread and cheese.

When at last the sunbeams lurk
Rosy-red behind the hill—
When the lads go home from work,
And the miller stops his mill—
Then the boy released, will lead
Homeward all his woolly flock,
Blowing off the winged seed
Of the dandelion clock.



The Fallen Tree.

THE FALLEN TREE.

A TREE in the forest was standing,
Its roots spread deep down in the earth,
And children beneath it assembled
For pastime and frolic and mirth.

One day when the children were playing,
The woodman, with axe in his hand,
With hasty steps came through the forest,
And near the great tree made a stand.

He held up his sharp axe before them :
“ Now, children, get out of the way !
This beautiful tree of the forest
I’ve come here to cut down to-day ! ”

The children, with sorrowful faces,
Looked up, with the tears in their eyes :
“ Not this tree, not this, but some other ! ”
A little girl eagerly cries.

“ Oh, look at the oak-apples on it !
And look at that nest in the bough !
We’ve been watching it all the long Spring-time ;
Oh, don’t cut it, don’t cut it now ! ”

Village Songs.



But the woodman was not to be hindered,
For doomed was that beautiful tree ;
He told them to watch at a distance
What a grand sight the falling would be.

The Fallen Tree.

The heavy blows soon were resounding,
Chips flew out at every stroke ;
By hundreds the blows were repeated,
And answering echoes awoke.

As the woodman went on with his felling,
The tree shook and swayed to and fro,
Then it bent its tall head and went downward
With movement majestic and slow.

The children were awestruck at hearing
The mighty and terrible sound ;
Then at last, with its great boughs resounding,
It fell its full length on the ground.

It lay in its beauty and glory,
Cut down in its vigour and pride ;
The children drew near it in sorrow,
And, pitying, stood by its side.





THE PLAYMATES.

THE PLAYMATES.

“WELL, Dorothy, where are you going to-day,
Leading your lamb by its ribbon so gay?”

“I’m going to school, to learn to read;
But Lily, who goes wherever I lead,
Will lie outside and wait for me:
A good little lamb, and obedient, is she.”

“And what are you going, O Mary, to do?
I would not be idle if I were you!”

“Ah, Dorothy! I am so old, you see;
If you were as old and as wise as me
You would not be able to school to go,—
You’d have so much more to do, you know!”



THE ERRAND-WOMAN.

How neat and clean and tidy
Is the errand-woman Grace!
With scarlet cloak and bonnet warm,
With basket upon either arm,
She walks with steady pace.

How cheerily she trudges
To yonder market town—
Whether it shines, or rains, or snows,
Or whether a cutting east wind blows
Across the unsheltered down.

Full many an errand has she
To keep within her head :
A pound of tea, an ounce of snuff,
A bottle full of doctor's stuff,
A skein or two of thread.

To call at Brown's, the draper
For a dozen yards of cord :
And oh, dear heart! she must not slack
To bring old Nancy's mutton back,
Allowed her by the Board.

The Errand-Woman.

Poor Grace has had no learning,
She cannot read or write ;
And yet she never makes mistakes—
Whate'er she brings, whate'er she takes,
Is always true and right.

And Grace has happy musings,
As to the town she goes,
About her life-long pilgrimage—
Its changing scene from youth to age,
Its labours and its close.

She likes to think how Moses
Led out the chosen band,
Which, after wandering forty years,
In dreariness, and pain, and tears,
Gained yet the Promised Land.

And how good Christiana,
In Bunyan's well-loved lore,
Journeys along with steadfast gait,
Until her weary footsteps wait
At Zion's golden door.

Poor Grace is growing feeble,
Old age is coming fast ;
But happy hopes her thoughts engage,
To finish her long pilgrimage
At that same door at last !



THE STORMY NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SLEEP quietly, my little child,
The wind is rough, the wind is wild ;
It rudely plucks the tender flower,
And bends the strong oak by its power.

The sky is clothed in darkness deep,
Storm-driven clouds below it sweep ;
The lightning strikes the rocky ground,
And grandly rolls the thunder round.

You sleep in peace, so still and calm,
Unconscious of all ill or harm ;
In dreams you see the heavens bright,
And smile amidst the stormy night.

The Stormy Night.

The lightning flashes bright and clear,
And many a cheek grows pale with fear,
And hearts grow faint and strong men quail
Amidst the fury of the gale.

But still in peaceful sleep you lie,
And angels bright are watching nigh ;
You rest beneath God's sheltering arm,
Secure from danger and from harm.





NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER! November! the low wind is lifting
The Summer's lament through the skeleton trees;
And the withered brown leaves are all hopelessly drifting
To find their last shelter secure from the breeze.

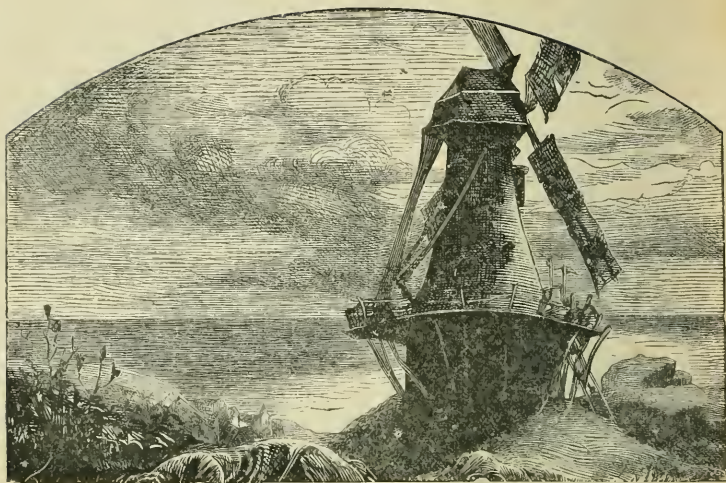
November.

November! November! the flowers are dying,
And over the earth is the scent of decay;
While the wise birds are busy collecting and flying,
To follow the Summer to lands far away.

November! November! thy fogs have bereft us
Of all but the thought of the happy days fled;
The sunshine, the bees, and the birds have all left us,
And even the last Autumn flowers are dead.

November! November! thy dreariness dire
Deprives us of any desire to roam;
But we'll shut close the windows, and pile the wood higher,
And learn all the comfort of having a home.





THE MILLER.

I'm a happy country miller,
I grind and grind all day,
My mill is never idle
Till the evening sky is grey.

I set my mill a-going
Before the dawn is red,
Ay! long before the ploughman
Has risen from his bed.

The Miller.

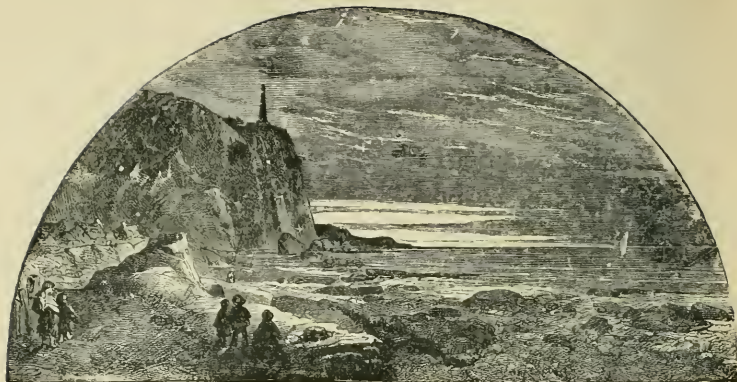
Oh, the merry, merry mill-wheel
Oh, the splashing, dashing spray!
All sparkling in the sunshine
As clear as diamond's ray.

Yes, yes, I do a day's work
Before the clock strikes eight,
Before my lassie calls me
Beside the wicket-gate.

And in I go, so joyous,
As hungry as a hound,
To my wholesome, hearty breakfast,
With my children sitting round.

What though my jacket's dusty,
What though my face is white?
To be busy is my pleasure,
To work is my delight.

Oh, the merry, merry mill-wheel!
Oh, the splashing, dashing spray!
'Tis good to be a miller,
At work the livelong day.



THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

“MOTHER, hear the wild waves roaring,
And the waves that lash the shore;
Onward in their fury bursting
Backward with a sullen roar.

“Mother, are you thinking sadly
Of our Robert on the sea?
Is he frightened, is he lonely,
Does he think of you and me?”

“Hark! the wild storm as it rages
Makes me shudder with affright!
How I pray and think of brother
Every dark and stormy night!”

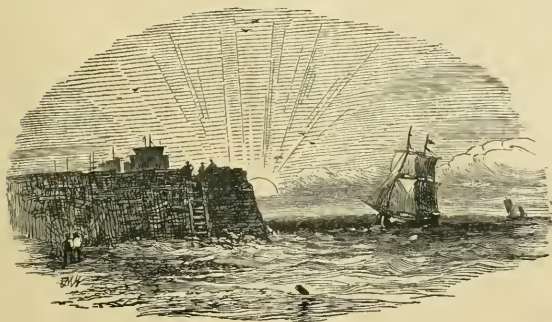
The Cottage by the Sea.

“It is right to pray, my darling,
Waking in your quiet bed ;
Many a one is wildly tossing
As the storm beats overhead.

“But our Robert is beyond it,
He has sailed so far away ;
In our Winter he has Summer,
In our midnight he has day.

“Light shines on him in our darkness ;
And when here the keen winds freeze,
Softly on his cheek are playing
Touches light of Summer breeze ”

Then the child, through bright tears smiling,
Said, “I’m sorry and I’m glad
Glad his ship is far-off sailing,
Yet because he’s gone I’m sad.”





OUR SISTER'S WEDDING.

IN the pleasant days of June
We were all so very busy,
For 't was coming, coming soon,—
The wedding day of sister Lizzie

Our Sister's Wedding.

With the roses pink and white,
In the days so long and bright,
With the lilies and the may
Came our sister's wedding day.

Yes, we all were very busy
In those pleasant Summer times,
When we hemmed and sewed for Lizzie,
Late at night and up betimes.
There were dresses to be made,
Cuffs and collars still to braid,
Pretty muslins, fresh and gay,
All before the wedding day.

Tom and Eddy gathered ivy,
Flowers they brought in plenty, too;
And with making wreaths and garlands
Had as much as they could do.
Nailing festoons on the wall,
Making nosegays in the hall;
Hard at work was every one,
And we thought it famous fun.

On its eve, what joy and pleasure,
When we down the village street
And through fields of oaten treasure
Walked, the coming guests to meet.

Village Songs.

Uncles at the station were,
Aunts and cousins far and near,
Friends we had not seen a while
Greeted us with loving smile.

When at last the wedding morning
Dawns in beauty, clear and bright,
And the sun, the mist out-soaring,
Bathes the land in golden light,
All the village seems alive,
Men and boys and children strive
Which of them can busiest be,
Though 't is only striking three!



Our Sister's Wedding.

And, indeed, we all are wakened,
For the anvil's thundering roar—
Rustic's humble imitation
Of a cannon at the door—
Makes us start, and laugh, and rise,
Not without some smothered sighs
That they think it right to pay
Such homage to the wedding day.

In the lanes and woods and dark dells
Little boys are plucking fern,
Which, with roses, lilies, laurels,
Into long wreaths they will turn.
Arches must be made so high,
Banners over them must fly!
For the village loves the bride,
Twenty years their joy and pride.

Now the church clock strikes eleven,
Making echoes down the dale;
Then appear the bridesmaids seven
In silk robe and fluttering veil.
Then the father brings his child—
Gentle, snowy-garbed, and mild,
Walking, with a modest grace
On her quiet maiden face.

Village Songs.

Now the solemn words are spoken,
Binding them for weal or woe,
Words that never can be broken
Till they lie the grass below.
Vows of solemn import they—
Vows to honour and obey ;
Vows to love, till death shall part
Those two, henceforth one in heart.





LOOKING FORWARD.

THE Winter months drag wearily—
As loth to pass and hurry by,
And yield to the sweet joy of Spring,
When violets bloom and thrushes sing.

The bitter cold and frost stay on,
The snow-drifts never will be gone;
The March winds blow from east to north;
What hardy primrose dares peep forth?

Yet, sweetheart, it will not be long
Before we hear the cuckoo's song,
Before we pluck the scented may,
And the blithe mower cuts the hay.

Village Songs.



And in the long bright days of June,
When nature sings her sweetest tune,
When showers, and sun, and wind, unite
To bring the roses, red and white ;

Then, then, dear love, we'll meet again,
More joyful for our former pain.
Time will no more hang wearily
When wedding bells ring cheerily !

Mabel's Day-Dream.

MABEL'S DAY-DREAM.

OII, soon will the swallows

Return to the caves!

And soon will the may-blossom whiten the tree,

And cowslips and bluebells

Make fragrant the breeze,

And then will my husband come back o'er the sea.

How bright is the sunshine,

How warm are its rays!

How fragrant the hedgerows, how calm the blue sea!

How gentle the showers!

How happy the days,

Because my own true love will soon be with me!

The little birds chirrup

In harmony sweet,

Outvying each other on bush and on tree;

And I warble with them

As the morning they greet,

And tell them *who's* coming back over the sea.

My hat with the trailing

Green fern shall be drest,

And I'll twine the Lent lilies, so white, in my hair.



MABEL'S DAY-DREAM.

Mabel's Day-Dream.

I wonder which Walter
Will think suits me best?

'T is only for him that I wish to be fair.

I know how he'll come—
When I'm sitting apart

In the porch, where already the roses are gay,

When my fingers are busy

But joyful my heart,

For I'll think, "O my love, you are not far away!"

The linnet will sing

And the chafer will hum,

And the sun will get lower behind the old tree;

Then across the green grass

Will a long shadow come,

And his honest brown face will look kindly at me.

And neighbours and kinsfolk

Will run down the lane

To welcome him home from the perilous sea;

To hear of his voyages

Over the main,

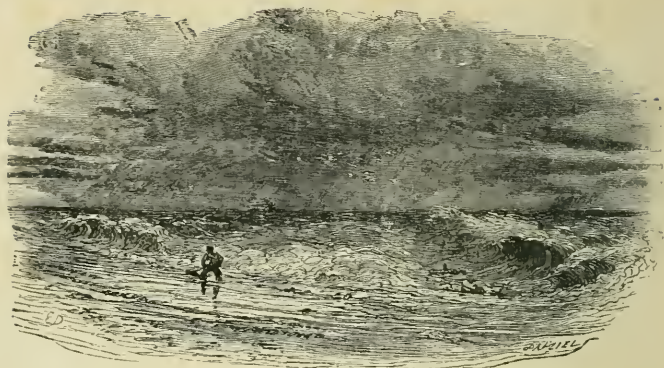
And see all the treasures he brings back for me.

I know he has thought of me

All this long time,

Away in his ship with a boisterous crew;

Village Songs.



On the ocean so broad,
In the far-distant clime,
His heart has been constant and tender and true.

Those rough winds that raged
When the nights were so dark,
Are hushed now, and all is still over the lea;
Yet blow, gentle breezes,
And speed on the bark
Which brings Walter back to his home and to me!



The Baby.

THE BABY.

STEP softly up the creaking old oak stair,
Speak gently as you cross the uneven floor;
Beneath that sheet, within that coffin bare
There lies a little child, who breathes no more.

How pale and calm it rests! Its hands are crossed,
And in them lies a primrose. Ah! it seems
As if the baby, dying, nought has lost—
Given only gentler slumbers, sweeter dreams.

For on the little lips still rests the smile
They wore in dying. No, it cannot be
The child is dead! It only sleeps awhile,
Till it again shall wake more joyfully!

Ah, comfort the poor mother! He is gone—
Her only boy, her fair and precious one!
And all the schemes of future brightness flown,
Which she had woven for her only son.

But of the past no day-dreams now remain,
Nor in the future aught to give her joy;
Nought but a dull, sad life of weary pain
Opens before her—she has lost her boy!

Village Songs.

Come, let us go, it is no use to stay—
No balm can we to her poor soul impart;
Only for the lone mother let us pray
That God will send some sunshine to her heart.



The days go by, and now the funeral bell
Tolls sadly o'er the land all bright with Spring;
The swallow, frightened at the solemn knell,
Soars upward, poised on gleaming, quivering wing.

Beyond, the hills lie bathed in golden light,
The lambs are playing in the blossoming grass;
The world is waking from the Winter's night,
All nature seems rejoicing as we pass.

The Baby.

Ah! now at last, as by the grave she stands,
The mother feels the Resurrection joy;
And, with tears falling on the folded hands,
She feels that she one day will meet her boy.

He Who once rose again in nature's Spring,
When all was bursting fresh, and fair, and bright,
Will bring her from her night of sorrowing
Into a morn of everlasting light.

And her bright boy, new-born, and fairer far,
Will welcome her in that great glorious day.
How loving all our Father's workings are!
To teach her this, God took her son away.





RECOLLECTIONS.

RECOLLECTIONS.

SIXTY years of recollections,
Sixty years of time gone by;
Oh, what hosts of mingled feelings
Do the simple words imply!

·Many hours of passing sweetness
Nestle in the dusky fold
Of the mantle time is flinging
O'er the happy days of old.

Tell me not the past was gloomy,
Often fraught with pain and woe;
It is but a faint, faint shadow,
All I suffered long ago.

Truly, I have sinned and suffered,—
But the suffering has been blest,
And the sins will be forgiven
When my Father gives me rest.

With a strange and mystic sweetness
Glow the memories of the past,
Where the sorrows are forgotten,
And the joys for ever last.

THE NEW BABY.



THE wind was wailing round the
house —

The cold March wind which
wails so loud —

And every now and then there
came

A flake of snow from fleeting
cloud.

The church bells rang for morn-
ing prayer

As fast I hurried down the lane,
For in a humble cottage there
A woman lay in sorest pain.

And there I knew her little boy,
A child of six years old, was ill ;
So thin and wan !—it seemed to
be

A marvel that he lingered still.

Breathless with facing wind and storm,
And listening for a sound within,
I stood a moment at the door,
Till some one came and let me in.

The New Baby.

And then I found that heaviness
And fear and pain had passed away,
And that the joy—a child new-born—
Had come with dawning of the day.

Oh, happy sight! the white-robed babe
Was resting in the nurse's arms;
The father, in his ploughman's garb,
Was smiling broadly at its charms.

The little children round the hearth
In order sat, with gaze intent,
While pleasantly the sick boy smiled,
And rosy colour came and went.

“And oh!” the old grandmother said,
“My daughter is so blithe and gay:
Must we not give God thanks and praise
For this great mercy on His day?”

I turned away with lightened heart,
And thought how good our Father is,
Who, when He sends us pain and grief,
So soon sends joy and happiness.

Village Songs.

THE OLD MILL-WHEEL.

OH, a lumbering thing is the old mill-wheel,
And a clever old man is its master ;
And for all the corn that is into it drawn,
The mill only works the faster.

A strong old house is the miller's house,
And a warm one, too, in Winter :
And the gates in the yard with oak are barred,
With never a crack or splinter.

A rushing cascade the stream has made
When the miller lifted the hatches ;
See the sparkles of light and the dewdrops bright,
As each one the sunlight catches.

The ferns so green on the brink are seen,
Where the water tumbles and tosses ;
And daisies white and primroses bright
Grow thick in the grass and mosses.

Oh, where shall we see, 'neath blossom and tree,
Such a mill—though with age it crumbles ?
While strife without may linger about,
Low and peaceful the mill-wheel rumbles.

The Old Mill-Wheel.

Whenever you go, you surely may know
That the miller is gay and busy,
By the sound of the mill as it rumbles still,
And turns, till it makes you dizzy.



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